UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**

Debs

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Sociological Aspects of a Community Church

By HARVEY DEE BROWN

First Impressions of Germany

By BRENT DOW ALLINSON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXVII THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1921 Number 8

APRIL.

Swelling bud and fond suggestion,
  Wafting of perfume,
Tearful rapture, thrilling question
  Of restraint or bloom,
Life all dreamlessly asleeping
  As in death, but now,
Upward to the sunlight creeping—
  April, that is thou!

Mystery's authentic dwelling,
  Faith's expanding wing,
Maiden loveliness foretelling
  Fuller blossoming,
Prophet of the new creation,
  Priestess of the bough,
Month of the imagination—
  April, that is thou!

Florence Earle Coates.

The President's message in its recommendations on foreign policy, is a surprise. Only two weeks ago it was authoritatively announced by the correspondents that the League Covenant was to be "scrapped" and the Peace Treaty definitely cast aside. Now comes the statement to Congress, without any warning of any kind, that it might be well to ratify the Treaty after all! Of course this must be done only with proper safeguards and reservations—this document is so explosive that it cannot be safely handled without tongs and buckets of water! But it must be handled all the same! This seems to us a strange reversal of presidential policy, altogether out of tune, by the way, with the accompanying endorsement of the Knox resolution, and indicating clearly a "back to the wall" fight by the Hughes-Hoover faction in the cabinet. President Harding is plainly trying to hold the balances even between this pro-Treaty group and the "irreconcilable" group in the Senate, and thus close the rift in the party which appeared during the course of the presidential campaign. In our own opinion, as we have said so often, the Treaty should be repudiated by the United States, if only in the name of decency; and we are confident that this will finally be done. The last fight, however, has still to be fought. Meanwhile it is a relief to note that the League is gone forever! President Harding's message buried this issue beyond the wildest hope of resurrection.

The Secretary's disillusionment is now complete as to the immediate spiritual effect of the Great War on organized religion.

Such is the confession of Rev. Minot Simons, Secretary of the Department of Church Extension of the American Unitarian Association, as recorded in *The Christian Register* for March 31st last. To those who know Mr. Simons this statement will come as no surprise, for he is a man whose mind is as honest as his life is noble. Journeying to all parts of the country in pursuit of his duties in the field, he sees that nothing of what he and many others had hoped in the way of intellectual liberation, and moral and spiritual quickening, has actually come to pass as a result of the vast upheaval of the war. On the contrary, if the conflict has had any consequence at all religiously, it is to be found in a recrudescence of superstition, a deepening and darkening of orthodoxy, a re-emphasis on sectarian divisions. "There is not discernible," he says, "even a glimmering of liberalism." All of which means that the war has done to the churches what it has done to every other social interest and institution—carried them straight back to the days of blind and brutal barbarism! Mr. Simons has learned his lesson and, like a true man, confesses it. How many other religious leaders have done the same—to the extent at least that they will never have anything to do with another war, so help them God!

Nothing can be more curious than the ideas which prevail in regard to free speech in America. Here is Mr. Henry W. Taft, for example, answering a charge that the Town Hall, in New York City, is being used for radical propaganda.

"The Town Hall was founded in the name of free speech," says Mr. Taft, "but I am quite sure that it has never permitted speakers to say what Mr. S. implies."

Speech is free in the Town Hall, in other words, just so long as speakers say only what Mr. Taft and his associates regard as safe and proper; other kinds of speech are not permitted. Which means that speech in the Town Hall, as in most other places in this country, is *not free!* For the test of free speech comes in matters not of agreement but of disagreement. It is not when a speaker is saying the things you like, that your ideals of freedom are tested, but when he is saying the things you dislike and fear. To hear a man attacking your most cherished beliefs, assailing those institutions which you regard as indispensable to social order and stability, and ridiculing your ideals and denouncing your activities—to hold in your hands the power to silence this man at any time—but to give him full opportunity to say what he wants to say, without interference or rebuke—this is to believe in free speech, and to be faithful to one's belief. Anything short of this is an arrant hypocrisy and pretension, than which the honest tyranny of a Stolypin or a Lenin is infinitely more desirable.

We are wondering what is going to happen to the Mennonites who are planning to remove in a body from Western Canada to Mississippi. It is announced that 30,000 of these non-conformist Christians are to enter upon a great pilgrimage from North to South, like the wandering tribes of ancient days, and settle in homes and pastures new. Life in Canada has not proven to be happy for these Mennonites. Their scruples against war were not respected during the conflict with Germany, and they ran afoul of the education laws of the Dominion which compelled them to support and send their children to the public schools. The state authorities of Mississippi have apparently granted conditions to the Mennonites which give them reason to believe, that they will be able to live their own lives in America to a degree which was denied them in Canada. We wonder, however, if they can really be sure of the future. If a great war should suddenly break out with Japan and a conscription act be re-enacted, what chance would these Mennonites have of securing exemption from its enforcement? We fear that sincere and simple Christians of the Mennonite type are destined for a long time to encounter serious trouble, for we are living in a world which has little respect for spiritual ideals and habits of life, and which lightly substitutes on occasion the State for God. It is not surprising that one of our leading religious journals views the entrance into this country of these 30,000 Mennonites with misgiving, and questions frankly whether they can be what it calls "worthy citizens of our country." Evidently citizenship in America is one thing, and citizenship in the Kingdom of God is quite another.

A great victory has recently been achieved in Canada for the civic status of marriage. A crisis was precipitated recently over the annulment of a certain marriage by the ecclesiastical authorities of the Roman church and the legalization of this action by the Quebec court. The principle involved, of course, affected all the religious communions in the Province, and if approved by the Privy Council would have placed in the hands of the Catholic hierarchy the right to make null and void all marriages, as for instance those between Catholics and Protestants, of which it did not approve. Matrimony, in other words, would have been passed over to the control of the church and made exclusively a religious and not a civil institution. The consequences, of course, especially as regards children born in wedlock thus liable at any time to annulment, are obvious. The Privy Council has now decided that all marriages of this kind are valid and that the church can therefore have no power to annul the union when it has once been joined and recognized by the civil authorities. This means that the civil law is supreme. It seems strange that such a controversy should appear at this late date on our North American continent and threaten for all time such social hazards. It is evident that the day is forevermore passed by when the Catholic church can hope to reclaim the enormous powers which it once exercised and to which it still makes solemn claim.

The rapid development of the Community Church movement is without question the most impressive phenomenon in the contemporary religious world. On April 6th and 7th the first Conference on this subject ever held in this country, was successfully assembled in New York City under the auspices of the Community Church of New York. Five sessions were conducted, at which addresses were given by such distinguished leaders as Mr. Joseph E. McAfee, author of "Religion and the New American Democracy," Dr. Henry E. Jackson, author of "A Community Church," Dr. R. C. Stoll, minister of the Amherst Community Church, Buffalo, and Professor Clarence R. Skinner, minister of the Boston Community Church and Professor at Tufts Divinity School. All sessions at the Conference were well attended, and were given exceptionally wide publicity. Another significant event of the day is the publication in Canton, Missouri, of the first issue of a new quarterly magazine called *The Community Churchman.* The editors of this journal declare that there are more than four hundred community churches in the country, and that new churches of this type are being organized at the rate of one a week! This community idea has become so important, and is spreading so rapidly in the middle and far west, that these men have launched this magazine as a necessary organ of the movement. There can be no question that the Community Church is a triumphant expression of the new democratic idealism of our day. It is still in process of birth, and its organism therefore is unformed and its ultimate character undefined; but it contains within itself the spirit of creative life, and is therefore to be regarded as the true successor of a dead and dying Protestantism.

It is interesting to read that organized efforts are being made by the more liberal members of the Episcopal Church to prevent the further spread in that communion of the growing Catholic influence of our time. Last January, we are told, there met in New York for conference representatives of the Church League, the Evangelican Education Society of Philadelphia, The Prayer Book Papers Committee, and the Protestant Episcopal Society for the Promotion of Evangelical Knowledge. These conferees agreed unanimously that a "critical and pathological condition" confronted the church today due to the presence in its system of the "wilfully injected virus of Catholicism." These influences, unless countered,

mean the steady growth in the church of medieval reaction with its inevitable accompaniment of superstition and ignorance. It was charged that there was a widespread conspiracy among Episcopal "Catholics" to alter the Book of Prayer to legitimate medieval doctrine and practice, to Romanize the Eucharist, so that "the Episcopal church would some day awake to find another sign on its door and another family living under its roof." These men concluded that this would mean the wreckage of Episcopacy, and therefore have resolved to join in hearty co-operation for the spirit of evangelical religion and for the defense of the true church. We count all these good signs. The Episcopal church has within itself elements of courageous and enlightened leadership which are almost unequalled in any other church of Protestantism. These elements should be relieved of the repressive influence of reaction and given full opportunity to make the church that powerful agency of social redemption for which it is so admirably fitted.

We have referred repeatedly in UNITY to the incalculable loss of prestige suffered by the Christian church through the experience of the Great War. Dr. Algernon Sidney Crapsey has declared that this vast European conflict will be known in future ages as the event which definitely marked the close of the Christian era of human history. We venture no opinion as to whether this judgment is sound or not, but we cannot refrain from pointing out that the conditions of the churches, from the standpoint of influence and social power, would seem to substantiate it. In all fairness, however, it should be noted that one group of Christians, at least, has come out of the ordeal of the Great War with a prestige which has not only been maintained but incalculably heightened. We refer, of course, to the Friends. Their faith has stood the test! Instead of being immediately consumed, as other churches were, by the devouring flames of the international conflict, and thus transformed into a fiery agent of destruction, this church endured no change save as it was purified of dross and thus made pure gold. During the war, the majority of the Friends stood unflinchingly loyal to the idea of peace on earth, good-will to men. They glorified their faith not only by refusing to do evil, but also by doing good. At once, after the awful conflict burst upon the world, they turned to deeds of succor and reconciliation; and these deeds they performed with noble sacrifice and heroism not only during the war itself, but steadfastly through this period of aftermath which has had its own peculiar sufferings and horrors. We ourselves are persuaded that the Friends thus stood firm, where other bodies of Christians faltered or fell utterly, because they alone had a religion which was pure and undefiled, they alone served an ideal which was wholly of God. Christianity, after all, is universal brotherhood, love for all mankind, unquestioning forgiveness and service of others, peace, good-will. In the lives of Christians there can be absolutely no place for war. Those alone can be wholly faithful to the best and highest who put by this hideous thing for good and all.

Speaking of the Friends, we venture to quote in full here a remarkable statement by Maurice Hewlett in *The Fortnightly Review* (February, 1921). It needs no comment of our own to emphasize its truth or magnify its beauty. It is "the one thing needful," as Mr. Hewlett says:

> It is strange to reflect that the complex of misery from which the world is now suffering should be soluble by one simple thing; strange that it should be true; equally strange perhaps that I should have that solution on the tip of this pen. I am not so fatuous as to pretend that I have discovered, nor so simple as to say that I am discovering it now. Rather I am uncovering, or, if you please, recovering it. . . . And again I take it, with an impressive testimony added, from the Quakers, who say, as they have always said, that the one paramount necessary thing for the stability and progress of man is that he should be moved to love rather than to hate his neighbor. Surprising that having tried every form of hating that can be learned for two years long, and found this world none the better for it, man should pursue that road to its settlement. But he does. . . . For all of this, the Quakers are still insisting on their remedy that men should love each other—English, Irish, German, French, Jews, Gentiles, masters, men. The remedy, it may be remarked incidentally, is Christ's remedy; and most of these people are still nominally Christians. They are not perhaps even nominally so Christian as they were a hundred years ago. But the Quaker point, and my point, is that however nominally people have been Christian, they have never at any time tried Christ's remedy for more than a bare fifty years at a stretch, and for so long only some three times in the world's history. Well, the Quakers have tried it three hundred years. It is true that they have not made much headway until lately. Now, however, it does seem that they are moving.

Debs*

It is a fitting commentary on the spiritual condition of America today, a startling revelation of the character of the age in which we live, a true index of the sincerity of the religion which we profess, that the purest, bravest, noblest man among all the one hundred and ten millions of our people, is sleeping this night behind the bars of a prison cell. Of all who breathe the atmosphere of earth, there is no gentler soul than Eugene V. Debs, none who loves his fellowmen more truly, none who has served the cause of truth more valiantly, none who embodies within himself more clearly the ideal of "peace on earth, good-will to men." And yet, for this man in America today we have no place but a penitentiary at Atlanta, as for such a man in Palestine two thousand years ago there was no place but a cross on Calvary!

Of what is Debs guilty that he should be so punished? Guilty of no offense even under the Espionage Act, for he communicated no secrets to the enemy, interfered with no processes of war, encouraged no resistance to government! His crime was a constructive

*An address delivered at the Amnesty Mass Meeting, in Washington, D. C., on April 13, 1921.

crime, tortured into indictment, persecution and conviction by officers of law acting under the influence of the mad hysteria of war-time. His real offense was in the moral, not the legal field. He was guilty of seeing what all honest men now see when it is too late, that the Great War was a selfish, lustful struggle between brigand nations, in which there was involved no vestige of an ideal for which it was worth while shedding the blood of a single soldier! Guilty of stating publicly, when it was worth stating and therefore perilous, what all men are now confessing privately when it is safe, that war is futile, bringing as little good to those who win as to those who lose! Guilty of loving men with a heart so overflowing with pity and devotion, that he could not see them schooled in hate, trained to murder, sent like cattle to the slaughter-pen, without voicing a protest acceptable to God if not to government! The guilt of Debs is the guilt of every man who has trod the path of martyrdom—the guilt of Socrates, of Jeremiah, of Jesus, of Savonarola and John Huss, of Lloyd Garrison, Leo Tolstoi and Karl Liebknecht. It is the guilt of *words*—words which seem to do nothing but as a matter of fact do everything—words which face men with the truth when they least want to see it, which tell men of their sins when they would most forget them, which remind men of their God when they are farthest from him. The true words of a true man are more terrible than swords and bayonets. Men fear them as they fear the lightning-blast of the day of judgment.

"Men fear thought," says Bertrand Russell in his "Why Men Fight," "as they fear nothing else on earth—more than ruin, more even than death. Thought is subservient and revolutionary, destructive and terrible; thought is merciless to privilege, established institutions and comfortable habits; thought is anarchic and lawless, indifferent to authority, careless of the well-tried wisdom of the ages. Thought looks into the pit of hell and is not afraid. It sees man, a feeble spark, surrounded by unfathomable depths of silence; and it bears itself proudly, as unmoved as if it were lord of the universe. Thought is great and swift and free, the light of the world, and the chief glory of man."

It was of the use of this terrible weapon that Debs was guilty. His words were a judgment on men who were eaten up with hate and crazed with fear. They were a mirror in which the people were made to see the nakedness of their shame. Debs told the truth, which is the one unpardonable sin. Even in ordinary times, and in the case of an ordinary man, to tell the truth means loss of friends, of reputation, of money, of social standing. In times of terror, and in the case of a man who has on his tongue the fire of a prophet and in his heart the holiness of a saint, to tell the truth means death. For the American people, during the war, to live with Debs was as impossible as to live with Christ. They therefore got rid of both!

But I would speak not merely of 'Gene Debs. He would be the first to rebuke me, if I did not plead as well for those hundreds of political offenders, most of them obscure, nameless, friendless, who lie with him this night in the prisons of our republic. These men are in one way at least greater sufferers than Debs himself, for, unlike him, they receive no strength from that abundant sympathy which springs from fame and influence. They are men who are unknown, or known to persons who are so few in numbers and so weak, that they have no access to the public mind. These offenders are alone; they languish as though deserted or forgotten. They are like those most pitiful and most sublime of all the martyrs of Christian history—the men and women, and even children, who "stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the power of fire . . . were stoned, sawn asunder. . . . slain with the sword," knowing that they were nameless, and that their deaths, like their lives, would be as though they had never been. My heart goes out to these men tonight, as it goes out to 'Gene; for I know that he is mindful of his comrades, and would himself gladly be behind the bars forever, rather than that he should go free and these others be still confined.

It is for all these prisoners, the political offenders of the land, from Eugene V. Debs down to the "least of these (our) brethren," that we plead with our government for amnesty. Nay, we do not plead; we ask not even mercy; *we demand justice, and the right!* These men are imprisoned not for crimes against society, conceived in lust and wickedness of heart against their fellows. They are imprisoned for thought and opinions—for words spoken sincerely, if sometimes foolishly, and to some minds mistakenly. It is my belief that no one of these men should ever have been arrested and punished. In a nation "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal," citizens should be free to think and say what they will, in war as well as in peace. Especially should this be the case in a war ostensibly waged "to make the world safe for democracy!" It is my further conviction that no one of these men would have been imprisoned, had it not been for a condition of public terror in this country which was as disgraceful as it was unparalleled. In a night, as it were, we became possessed of a wild hysteria, like the witchcraft delusion of the seventeenth century—and these political offenders were made the victims of our fear! No emergency existed to justify such an orgy of persecution, save in the madness of our fear-swept minds. Today, slowly but surely, like a patient recovering from fever, we are coming back to sanity, to some sense of fairness and of right; and we should make it our first duty, as our highest privilege, to release without condition these unhappy and tortured victims of our passion. The overwhelming majority of them, like Debs, are innocent of all evil intention or overt offense; and in the name of justice they should be free. If some few

among them all are guilty of offense, or vile purpose against the state, these also should be freed, that America may show the compassion which becomes a nation as well as an individual, and may demonstrate that strength is never so sure as when founded deep on forgiveness of injury.

Nor do I plead only for these men. I plead as well for the whole citizenry of this republic, that we may again, as in the old days, be a people that is secure in freedom. For there can be no freedom in America while these political offenders are in prison. There can be no security for any one of us, in the exercise of our civil rights, while these men are denied their rights. Nay, even though we be granted freedom and security today by a government that is tolerant when no great emergency of war or riot is at hand, we should reject in scorn such favor. For we "are many members, but one body. . . . Whether one member suffereth, all the members suffer with it; or one member is honored, all the members rejoice with it. So we being many, are one, and every one members one of another; . . . and the members should have care one for another." Such must be the attitude of every true American in this republic. These men are our brethren. They suffer for us, and therefore should we suffer with them. We must not rest till prison doors are open, and all at last are free!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

WHAT THE WORLD WAR DID TO ME.

I did not think it right to go to war.
I do not think so now.
I thought it wrong to send our boys,
Many unwilling,
To bloody Europe.
I think so still.
I could not believe it right to torture people
Who for conscience sake
Refused to acquiesce.
I cannot believe it yet.
But to protest meant martyrdom.
I have no martyr's courage in my breast,
So I added my voice to songs of hate.
If one forsakes his conscience and his God—
Ah, well—need I to name
What the world war did to me?

Lincoln, Neb. ANITA BROWN.

(Written upon reading the offer in the *Outlook* of prizes for the best letters on "What the World War Did to Me.")

Whatever the consequences, let justice be done, let righteousness be upheld. Righteousness limited in space and time, justice confined in lands and circumstances cease to be themselves; they become mere policy! Here is the difference between religion and politics. In religion it is all extremism, it is all co-operation; it is in politics that there is moderation everywhere, and therefore grounds for non-co-operation. Can we co-operate with injustice? Shall we co-operate with unrighteousness? Is co-operation possible with lovelessness? Let love and justice and righteousness flourish in the world of politics and the grounds of non-co-operation will disappear!—*The World and the New Dispensation.*

THE PULPIT

Sociological Aspects of a Community Church

By Harvey Dee Brown, Associate Minister of the Community Church

The ideal of a Community Church, like every other creative social idea, has several aspecs from which it may be considered. This morning I wish to speak of this ideal in some of its sociological aspects. As a preliminary to this study, let us recall what is meant by a Community Church.

This will not take us into any new fields of thought, as the idea has become reasonably clear to this congregation during the last two years. Many of you will recall the series of sermons by Mr. Holmes two years ago, in which he discussed the idea, and which have been printed in the pamphlet entitled "The Community Church: Its Principles and Organization, Its Message and Work." Here he has sketched the ideal in its relations to the community substantially as follows:

(1) The basis of the Community Church is the community in which it lives. It springs from the community and expresses the life of the community. Membership in the Church is on the same basis as membership in the community, namely, citizenship.

(2) The home of the Community Church, its buildings, offices and equipment, will be owned by the community as are the school house, public library or city hall, and the control and management of the Church will be by the community, democratically administering its affairs according to the will of all the people.

(3) The message of the Community Church will deal with the interest of the community and the problems which confront its common life. The message may deal with philosophical or even theological matters; but if so, it will be because the interest of the community moves in this field and the people desire to have these things discussed.

(4) The work of the Community Church, apart from its meetings and teachings, will be the promotion of the welfare of the community in its various phases. The community itself will determine the things it desires to have done and also the ways in which they shall be carried on. In this and elsewhere the will of the community, democratically expressed, shall be paramount and controlling.

In the little parable, "The Community Church in Christia," Mr. Holmes has also given a picture of such a community church in operation in a city of 10,000 population. This concrete picture well sums up the various phases of this ideal.

In setting forth these principles Mr. Holmes has gone into many other phases of a community church than those I have summarized, and has especially considered the relation of this ideal in contrast with existing religious denominations and the past development of church organization and religion. When so considered, the idea appears as the inevitable next step in church organization and the fulfillment of the liberal spirit in religion. The principles which I have mentioned represent only the sides of the ideal which relate to the community as such. I am leaving entirely out of account today the relations of the Community Church to past religious and ecclesiastical development.

I

With this ideal of a Community Church in mind let us examine its relation to the actual communities in which we live, whether we think of them in terms of the neighborhood, the city, the state or the nation, or even the wider community of nations. These are the widening circles of community life.

When we look frankly into this community life our strongest impression is that the community has by no means evolved to such a stage of civic and psychological development as would make such an institution of community religion either practicable or possible. In the first place, there is no such deep sense of community life, its powers and values as would sustain such an institution. The development of the sense of community is proceeding with an accelerated pace today. The appearance of new problems and crises which affect the whole people is compelling us to think of ourselves as members one of another and of a common life, but this has not gone far enough to give foundation for such an enterprise as that which claims our allegiance. Then, too, the traditional idea of religion which dominates the minds of the people is that it is a private and personal matter rather than a community experience and interest. This tends to prevent the serious consideration of the Community Church ideal in its full significance. Furthermore, the principle of the separation of church and state which came so strongly out of the Reformation is so fundamental in political thinking everywhere that a very profound re-thinking of this relationship and a new attitude toward the functions of both factors, state and religion, will have to come to pass before an actual Community Church will be considered as other than a dangerous civic heresy.

Besides these things, it must also be said that the development of the machinery for the democratic control and management of the communities' institutions is not yet adequate. The control of the public school, public libraries, state and municipal universities, has not been exceptionally successful from the viewpoint of community interests. Inadequate school facilities, narrow and provincial policies, suppression of freedom of investigation, opinion and speech, are too common to need argument to show that new methods of democratic functioning must be developed in the community before it can safely entrust its religious institutions to community control. The hold of the private religious denominations also is by no means so slight as to yield readily to the idea of a Community Church, even though it would be quite possible in such a church to provide for the continuance of such teachings for those who desired them.

It seems very evident, then, when we look at the actual community, that a decided evolution of community life, in many of its ideas, in its machinery for the expression and carrying out of its common interest and in its general awareness of the community as such, must take place before we can have a veritable Community Church, rooted in the community, maintained and managed by the community and devoted wholly to the communal life. Even with the rapid changes going on today, it is perhaps too optimistic to hope to see the founding of such churches by the community within 25 to 50 years. I presume it was the full appreciation of these facts which led Mr. Holmes, in the parable, to date his visit to "Christia," where he saw such a church in operation in the year 1960.

II

But while this is evident from a general consideration of the stage of community development which we have reached, the prospect is not so dark as first appears when we look with closer insight at many specific tendencies in the community. In spite of the baleful influences at work in these days of the aftermath of the Great War, we are, as regards the development of community spirit, in a fortunate situation. The emergencies of war-time created a sense of the nation as an organic unity with common life and destiny. This sense of community responsibility has survived and is manifested in many different fields. There is also a new knowledge gained by many of the ways of associated effort for public ends. The post-war development of the American Red Cross is an illustration of this. This organization, which focussed so many energies and efforts upon the war emergencies and experienced so great an expansion of activities during the tragic war days, has not gone to pieces since the armistice was signed. It has experienced a considerable decrease of power and contraction of activities, but for the most part it has refocussed its interest upon the community at home and is seeking to work out a peace-time program of community service of various kinds. Aided by the $22,000,000 in its treasury at the close of the war, it is planning and doing in many places community and health work of much value.

This valuable by-product of community spirit I do not speak of as in any way justifying the war or mention it in that connection. It is merely a fact to be recognized and from which we are entitled to gather such crumbs of comfort as may be for our Community Church ideal.

My personal experience in many communities of our state, in which I did social work both before and since the war, has impressed me with the value of this by-product of war-time activities. I have found that there is a different and in many respects a more sympathetic and intelligent response to appeals and efforts in behalf of community interests whether of welfare, recreation, health or study. The support, too, of such movements, while more discriminating and less susceptible to unusual or bizarre methods of appeal, has reached an altogether higher plane of generosity and obligation. Thus the spirit of community is growing.

This is especially evident in some of the more specialized directions of community effort, a few of which may be mentioned.

(1) The public health movement goes on with an ever accelerating pace. Something like thirty-five years ago, when the first departments of public health were established, this movement was as much of a voice crying in the wilderness as the Community Church idea is today. But the community has steadily arisen to a sense of common interest in the prevention of disease until this has become one of the most important items in the budgets of every city and state, and is of increasing importance in its national aspects. Around the official activities has gathered a vast volume of voluntary effort and support which pushes this work into wider and wider fields. This movement lost none of its momentum during the war, and since that time has steadily expanded. Today, with the new campaigns against insanity and mental disorders, venereal diseases, the diseases of later adult life, and activities in the interest of children before as well as after

birth, it is a most potent influence in the evolution of the community. The focus of this movement today is the child whose every interest, food, teeth, eyes, stature, lungs, and every step of mental growth, has become the center of systematic and scientific community efforts. As a climax of this movement we see springing up in many localities Health Centers, which one might almost call Community Health Churches. There is now a bill before the State Legislature at Albany providing for the establishment of such centers, maintained by the local community and the state jointly, where every scientific and laboratory facility and expert medical and nursing service will become available for every man, woman and child of the communities where they are established, regardless of whether such persons are able to pay for such services or not. The Framingham Community Health and Tuberculosis Demonstration also is a noteworthy effort to find out whether in a city, 15,000 population, it is possible to bring under control the age-old foe of man —tuberculosis.

(2) Community social and recreational movements make up another phase of community evolution of great significance. We have come to see a new value in the leisure life of man, especially in childhood and youth. When a person is at work or at study his attention is focussed upon his goal. He tends to repel impressions from without. But when the time of relaxation comes, then he is open to all kinds of influences and suggestions. Then does he in his associations and recreations easily receive into his inmost being varied impressions which become creative in his character. The activities of his leisure life, therefore, are of great importance in his growth.

It was a young minister, driven from his pulpit because of his broader social sympathies, who made the first striking demonstration of the use of the school house as a community center for civic, social and recreational purposes. Edward J. Ward was dominated by the idea that the school building belonged to the people and that they had the right to use it for community purposes in such hours as it was not in school use. It seemed to him to be the logical center for the community's leisure life. Here the youth of the community should play and dance. Here the adult population of the community should carry on such civic and community activities as they chose. He saw the logic, too, of the idea that if the community wished to have religious teachings in the school they had a perfect right to have them, although so far as I know he never advocated this. Such a use of the school house would make it, in very truth, a Community Church.

But Ward was one of those geniuses who was unable to organize the vision and enthusiasm which he was able to generate in the people's mind, and his idea has suffered many limitations. Even so, it has become the inspiration of a vast movement for community and social centers whose manifold activities everywhere are fostering the growth of community spirit. Many public libraries have also expanded their activities into this same field and are thus increasing their influence in the community's life. A manifestation of this same tendency is seen in the pageants, civic festivals, masques, the various "weeks," and similar celebrations in which the community gives expression to diverse common interests of a cultural nature. "Music Week," which we are soon to have in this city, is an illustration in this field.

(3) If there were time I should like to speak of many other significant community service movements, but I will be content with mentioning the National Social Unit demonstration at Cincinnati, which is an effort to organize democratically the people of a given community so that they become conscious of their common needs and are able to act together in securing their satisfaction. The most significant thing about this is that it is a definite effort to evolve the finer democratic machinery whereby the life of the community can express itself. This is a supreme need today. A Community Church will require such machinery in a high stage of development. It is in fact the prime need today throughout the whole social structure. In my judgment, the serious social crisis which is upon the world today is due to the lack of creative and constructive intelligence sufficient to organize the forces of the common life in harmonious functioning. It is not that people are bad and need to be made good, not that they are filled with hate and need to learn to love, which causes our social disorder. It is that the ways whereby the goodness and love of people can function and fulfill themselves in social relationships have not yet been evolved. Efforts like the National Social Unit which seek to solve this problem in a single locality become a laboratory for the whole community's instruction.

(4) Apart from the movement of community service, there are other tendencies which have organized themselves and whose progress has a bearing upon the coming of a Community Church. Such opinion-forming and directing agencies as the Consumers' Leagues, the Association for Labor Legislation, Child Labor Committees, organizations for freedom of speech, for the protection of civil liberties, and movements for economic justice and industrial co-operation, all reveal the steady growth of public thought and appreciation of the community democratically organized as the central value in life. Even the more radical class movements in society, the Socialist, and labor movements, have as their final goal the entire community as a working organism and the doing away with the separation into classes. The revolutionary movements which terrify the world also have at their heart this same ideal. The Bolsheviki in Russia, so Mr. Steffins tells us, defend their despotic rule only because they are holding the governmental power till the communal life shall grow strong enough to assume its own defense and guidance. Even the anarchist, who would cast off all law and authority, carries at his heart the same communal faith, for, whether he realizes it or not, he assumes that at the very heart of elemental life there is a quality which will lead people to live together in complete community if only artificial laws were removed. These and many other movements indicate an evolution of the sense of community values which is full of hope.

III

Do I mean then to identify the Community Church with these movements? Are public health movements, recreational and social centers, pageants and civic holidays, and the opinion-forming groups going to grow into Community Churches? By no means. I see these concrete and practical fields of community development as real and potent generators of that community spirit, sense of community value and democratic social structure, which must evolve before the Community Church can come into real being and activity. They are fac-

tors of great importance in the creation of the community feeling, interest, habit of thought and ways of association which will be the tangible foundation in the lives of the people of a community life out of which can spring temples of the holy community spirit. These movements and their achievements will be pillars in that finer social structure whose crown and summit will be a Community Church.

These efforts are a necessary preparation for a Community Church. "That is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural and afterward that which is spiritual." A church of this kind cannot be handed down to a modern community out of the purposes and logic of an older religious and theological individualism. It must arise from the people themselves out of their new community habits, and their collective human relationships. Until these relationships are more careful of the common health, more just and discriminating, more glad with social fellowship, more intelligent and more symbolized by common act, the beautiful and righteous communal spirit which will establish public churches for its self-recognition, worship and expression cannot arise. The evolution of the community life, both its body and its mind, must precede the birth of the community soul. And the Community Church in which this soul will center and function in the projection of those farther community ideals, which none of us are today sufficiently socialized to conceive, will follow and not precede the birth of that soul. The movements which I have enumerated and many others of kindred character, apart from their concrete values, have this farther significance, that the finest output of their efforts passes into the soul of the community in whose creation they thus participate.

IV

What, then, shall we say of the work of an organization like our Church, which has visioned and accepted the Community Church as an ideal? We have seen a goal—one which may not perhaps be reached in our day—but which in some form we believe to be in the manifest pathway of religious and social evolution. What shall we do?

We shall, of course, proclaim the ideal. We shall so far as may be bring our practice into consistency with that idea. But if we believe in the ideal, must we not especially direct our energies and activities toward helping every social service and opinion-forming movement which is sound in its community purposes to fulfill itself? If we believe in the ideal we cannot but work for the things which will make the ideal possible. We are not a Community Church in actuality. We are a John the Baptist movement, a voice crying in the wilderness to prepare the way for the coming of Community Churches in America. Must we not also be working in the wilderness to prepare the way? And all the things we do, we shall do not because they are our goal, but because they are a constructive preparation for that goal and our contribution to the life of our community.

It is in this understanding, I take it, that through our Social Service League we are carrying on a children's clinic and a dental clinic (which we want to properly equip if we can secure the funds); that we are making contacts with each family in the Thirty-ninth Street block and maintain there an open door amid congested surroundings for friendship, counsel and advice; that we are helping to furnish the nursing service so sorely needed in that locality, and that we are helping in the formation of groups for co-operative enterprises and community acquaintanceship.

It is in this understanding that the League has become responsible for community center dances and clubs at the Murray School, and gives mental tests and vocational guidance service in co-operation with the Kips Bay Neighborhood Association. This understanding should have made us the most zealous of all the thirty organizations which participated in the Kips Bay pageant last April, wherein the people of this community celebrated their own history in symbolic manner, a most significant expression of community life whose value a church should be the first to appreciate.

The measure of our interest and labors in these practical fields of community welfare will be the test of our belief in the Community Church ideal and the earnestness and consecration of our service in these practical fields will kindle in return our faith in the ideal.

Mr. Holmes has truly said, "When a new community is established and the citizens come together to arrange their common life, they establish a public school, a public library, a social center, and sometime also they are going to establish a public or Community Church." We may also say that when the new spirit of community life is established in the old communities, and the new pathways for the expression of the democratic life of the people have developed, they will establish better public schools, better public health activities, nobler centers of leisure life and community art and more efficient and flexible structures of association—and some time, when the holy spirit of the community has grown sufficiently strong, they will establish public centers of community spirit and aspirations—Community Churches.

To this end let us work and pray.

AN ENEMY FALLEN.

(Written at Winesheim, Germany, December 18, 1919, Army of Occupation, 89 Division.)

BOIS DE BARRICOURT

"Help me," he said, as I passed him by
In the Argonne drive; but I could not stop,
Nor play the good Samaritan, I,
When the Eighty-ninth went over the top,
At night through a wood that was black as hell
We had marched to the front where the fiery breath
Leaped from the batteries that hurled the shell
That broke into shrapnel that sang of death.
Slowly but surely since early dawn
We had forced the foe from his vantage ground,
Out through the woods of the old Argonne
While machine guns spoke from the hills around.
"Help me," he said, as I passed him by.
Of the many fallen he was but one;
But I'll not forget 'till the day I die
The look that he gave me as I passed on.
The bullets hummed like the swarming bees
And the flying shrapnel whistled shrill
As out we came through the shell torn trees
And forced our way up the deadly hill.
The guns were silenced, the hill was gained
Ere we halted and knew we were yet to live.
Then I thought of the man in the night and rain
Who had asked for the aid that I could not give.
I've often wondered if he who died
Whom time has given a hallowed name
The Agitator—the Crucified—
I wonder if He would have done the same.
"Help me," he said, as I passed him by
There in the drive in the Meuse-Argonne,
A veritable unbeliever, I,
But what would Christ, the Man, have done?

—*Basil L. Ellis.*

CONTRIBUTED

An Autobiography of a Liberal Ministry

By Arthur M. Judy

PART ONE OF CHAPTER ONE. AT ANTIOCH.

I suppose it is a common experience that the more irreligious among a young man's acquaintance will express their amazement if he goes into the ministry. Perhaps, in my case, the amazement was more than ordinarily well grounded. As a youth, instead of having a reputation for piety, I suspect I gave due occasion for the opposite reputation.

Among my strongly argumentative aunts and cousins, I remember that in some hot moments of theologic dispute I was charged with being "a little infidel"—an honor, as I then took it, which I wore with satisfaction, if not with merit and grace.

It was when revivals came around that I burst into anti-religious eruptions. From some source within me, deeper than I comprehended as a lad, or can fully explain as a man, I had an argumentative "time of it" when I got within hearing of a revival; and what with sleighing parties and "doing as the crowd did," that was sure to happen about every winter. I surmise now that this resentment upon my part was due in no small measure to an innate protest against the assault upon the decencies of religion and manners, which I considered the revival to be, as well as a protest against the intrusion which it constituted upon personal liberty, or the right of private judgment or private self-determination. My cynical cousin playmate of that period in my life would probably have declared that it was because "Art. wouldn't stand for being driven into doing anything."

At least, my parents had always found it unwise to take the task of too obvious restraint when discipline was to be enforced. Once, after being locked up three times in the smoke-house for going to a forbidden place, I was still going, when my memory of the details of the event began to fade. Possibly, when the grammar of my temperament was fashioned, I was overcharged with the imperative mood, and that it was, after all, will against will when, by revival tactics, I felt that an effort was being made to force me into the fold.

However that may be, I can but feel that these youthful experiences tended to strengthen what I regard as one of my too few innate gentlemanly traits, for in all my ministry I assiduously avoided urging people to join the church or anything else. If the urgency did not lie in the cause itself, as I was able to present it, I had no heart to try to put it there by a personal appeal.

Should the psychologically discerning have honored me by reading thus far, I suspect they may be saying to themselves, "That youngster was little qualified to make a minister who would take the strongholds of sin by storm." Quite right, I fully admit. With humility, I realize that there was sadly little of St. Paul's glorious aggressiveness in my spiritual makeup. Yet name some Christian personage pre-eminent for constructive persuasiveness and possibly I might stand in his presence not wholly abashed.

Interestingly to me, if not to others, it was not the habit of going to church, but the practice of teaching school that planted the conviction in my heart that I ought to be a minister. About the happiest year of my life was the year I spent in teaching a country school just after graduating from Antioch College. But in scanning that year's experience, in one of the deep moods of reflection possible to the young, I realized that it was not the rule-of-three side of the children which had engaged my most earnest devotion, but the Ten Commandments' side. Rather had my gravest concern been with their ethical admonition than their intellectual improvement, I saw plainly in that mood of reflection. How, then, I asked, best fit myself for the side of the educational task to which my strongest impulse called me, if not by studying for the ministry? To the Harvard Divinity School I thereupon resolved to go, and all the more easily because my associations at Antioch had made the name of Harvard dear to me, and because two cherished college mates, S. Burns Weston and Frederick Meakin, were already there.

So much of the "little infidel" clung to me, however, that I used to say, when I was an undergraduate at the school, to both professors and students, "I don't profess to believe anything; I have come down here to decide whether I ought to believe anything, and as I take it that is the business of the school to make plain."

Something of boyish inclination to make shocking protestations was in that saying, I suspect, rather than any expression of my deeper self. For while it was natural enough to me to take a negative attitude toward religion, when it was theologically put, I do not believe I was essentially irreligious, emotionally regarded. Looking back over my English Literature periods at college, I recall that I responded keenly to the most religious utterances of that literature, such as Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey and Ode to Immortality*.

A childish experience argues to the same conclusion: playing in the church yard, a half-dozen of us children finally made our way into the unlocked door of the church and started to play "meetin'." I was in the pulpit, where I had flung the Bible open in childish bravado and began to read—and never has the impression made on my heart by that boyish reading been erased. The place I turned to at haphazard chanced to be Eccls. 11 and 12, and I cannot read those chapters to this day without there recurs the sense of awe and reverence which those marvelous words of eloquent pathos planted in the young heart which beat beneath the would-be mocking lips.

My deeply religious self, as I interpret it, reacted to the proper religious stimulus despite the superficial impediment of playful mockery. Seeing that my soul thus found *herself* so much at ease in Zion when religion was expressed with beauty and genuineness, I am well persuaded that I rebelled so quickly against revival rant mainly because it was in so small degree the expression of anything beautifully or deeply religious. Essentially it was, I think, a coarse form of spiritual compulsion, and I rejoice to this day that I had fighting edge enough when a lad to resist it and rail against it.

In my later years, in addition to a native rebelliousness against any coarse form of spiritual constraint, was added the protest of what was beginning to be intellectual convictions, tutored by the foremost writers of 18th Century agnosticism. That sort of tuition came to me early, because I had my preparatory or high school training at Antioch, as well as my collegiate. Though not in consequence of the teaching of the faculty, but as a result of the liberal traditions of

the school, and the self-elected reading of the students, and consequent discussions, the group of great English agnostics had entered into the seats of intellectual authority, especially among the young men of the institution.

For our student body at that time the conclusive word was to be found in no line of theologians, but in this great group of English *scientists,* at whose head stood such men as Darwin and Huxley. In those, my later boyhood years, my good aunts and cousins little realized that when they brought to bear upon my "infidelity" the popguns of backwoods preachers, they were pitting them against intellectual artillery which had already battered down the theological walls of Oxford, beloved of Matthew Arnold, despite its genius for "always being on the losing side."

To carefully guard against giving any wrong impression as to the religious influence of Antioch, as well as to more adequately acknowledge the many advantages I enjoyed under the tuition of my beloved *alma mater,* I must write more fully of my undergraduate residence there. And first, I must make plain the inestimable benefits I derived from the *esprit de corps* which Horace Mann, one of the greatest men of America, had implanted in the school.

Though Horace Mann's fame as the "Father of America's Public Schools" is secure, none but the highly appreciative students of Antioch can realize the profound uplift on character which was exerted by his presence when living and by the *esprit de corps* which he wrought into the school to survive as his undying presence.

I inherited this uplift in some measure both through the stimulating influence of a stepmother, who had sat under President Mann's tuition, and by association with later Antioch students who were transmitting his spirit to later times. I rate it as the most powerful formative force which ever impinged upon my life. Would that through the "veil" some expression of my gratitude and reverence could be wafted to this great spirit!

Nor would I wish less in case of some of my Antioch teachers, dead and living. Prof. Edward Claypole belonged to a type of teacher gifted with rare ability to impart information in a way that made it "stick." I am not sufficiently trained in pedagogics to pass judgment upon his method further than to say, whether it was a modern language he was teaching or some branch of science, his lessons made lasting impressions and were remarkable for lucidity. With inadequate equipment, he gave us many of the best results of the "laboratory method." I never knew a teacher who seemed more consecrated to the difficult task of "getting his lesson over."

Coming to us, as he did, from the University of London, England, he seemed to bring with him the latest outlook of modern science. Though utterly reserved in his expressions on religion, his teaching deepened the part scientific tendencies played upon my early life.

If the breath of modern science seemed to blow upon us Antiochians through the influence of this teacher, fresh from the haunts of Huxlian agnosticism, not less did the breath of the latest German philosophy make its way to us through the teaching of Prof. G. Stanley Hall, then occupying the first professorial chair.

Having recently come from a long residence in German universities, his familiarity with the German language made him a poor judge as to what was a possible lesson even for the assiduous student. Aside from this drawback of overworking his classes, the stimulus of his residence at Antioch was of exceeding value, being along the lines of the most recent philosophic thinking. Nothing that I gained at Harvard gave me a securer sense of being philosophical *au fait.*

I have always been proud that my slight grounding in the classics was received from so thorough and genial a teacher as Prof. Samuel S. Derby, for the last two decades or more head of the Latin department at the Ohio State University. New England could not have sent into the Middle West a finer exponent of its gentler manhood.

I was still a preparatory student at Antioch when a man who was subsequently to become a powerful factor in shaping the early years of the Ohio State University, Prof. E. E. Orton, was principal of our preparatory department. That he had gifts of the stern disciplinarian I can testify; but only with gratitude. Witness to his exceptional gifts as an instructor is borne by the long line of men highly trained in science who went out from his classes.

Nor should I fail to include the benign features of Dr. Hosmer among the charmingly formative influences which Antioch brought me. Those features will abide in the memory when many a page of text is wholly blotted out, and always to the building up in me of the finest qualities of Christianity.

His son, Prof. James Hosmer, was one of the best of my teachers. As an author and librarian, especially of the Minneapolis Public Library, he reached old age with honors thick upon him.

Without mentioning other teachers in the Antioch faculty, I have surely mentioned enough to make it apparent that while the enrollment of the school may have been small, the quality of its instruction and the outlook of its teachers gave the students a very forward-hastening impetus. They gathered at the school some consciousness of the movements of progress then stirring in the intellectual world, and were sent forth not wholly without training fitting them to take some part, if but minor, in the furtherance of those movements.

But the teaching being by no manner of means the whole, nor necessarily the most determinative, force in a school, it is important that I indicate some of the most individualizing of my *alma mater.*

First among these characteristics, let it be mentioned that the college was, if not the first coeducational college in America, then one of the *two first,* if Oberlin's claim to sharing the distinction is historic.

One of the chief honors always to be paid to Horace Mann is that he lent his strong efforts to establish coeducation at Antioch from the very start. As far as my memory and judgment go, nothing but good came of this innovation. I always fancy that as far as normalcy exists in the relation of the sexes, a coeducationally trained man enjoys a distinct advantage over the men wholly trained in men's colleges.

As conducted in a small school such as Antioch, the life of a coeducation institution was but an extension of the family relation into the higher walks of the intellect. Accustomed to have young women hold their own in every class in the curriculum, the young man leaving Antioch lost any sense of sex distinction in intellectual comradeships. To him, woman's partici-

pation in all branches of business or the franchise was merely a matter of course. Their exclusion seemed absurd.

Next to coeducation I rank the thoroughgoing democracy of the school as one of its finest characteristics. We students did practically all the manual work done about the buildings. I was never conscious of being at the slightest social disadvantage because of the share I bore in this work. Being the son of parents in moderate circumstances, I paid my own way through college by working on a farm and in the school from the time I was sixteen years of age. Never did I feel a social slight from this fact. To work with one's hands seemed always to me a man's true estate, and this conviction I owe in large measure to my Antioch life. A precious inheritance, indeed!

Let me not omit to emphasize the extent to which I received an all-around education owing to the tremendous emphasis which Horace Mann and his coadjutors always threw upon moral training, as an essential element in a complete education. In this respect, it must be repeated that his influence was *tremendous*. By every power he could bring to bear, he sought to create in his students the sense of passing their college life upon honor of the highest type and of being fitted to play all their parts in life upon the same high moral plane. Such education was to some purpose.

As to religion, it could but come to pass that Horace Mann, being of Unitarian convictions, would establish at the school the most liberal attitude toward this profound phase of education—would, in fact, endeavor to reduce the sectarian element to a minimum.

Born into a family of the Christian persuasion, that sturdy branch of Mid-West Liberalism, it was inevitable that my boyish sympathy should tend to Unitarianism, the more cultivated wing of this liberalism. I must, however, hasten to add that while by temperament I was carried toward the more cultured wing among the Liberal denominations upholding Antioch, I cannot recall a single word spoken by any member of the faculty intended to influence my preference, so true had Horace Mann been and so true were his successors to their duty in conducting an unsectarian college.

Nor would I have it supposed that I am indifferent to the obligation I am conscious of toward the Christian denomination for making my education possible. My father was true all his life in his allegiance to that denomination. A broader-minded man and one of more truly liberal spirit, I never expect to know than my father was, and he was but representative of a wide range of my acquaintance who were loyal Christians. If he is a "liberal who deviseth liberal things" I shall always bless the "star" which placed my nativity among these people.

And because of deeds as well as ideas. Let it be always remembered that Antioch was conceived and founded by the Christian denomination, and that it was they who, in their breadth of outlook, called Horace Mann to its first presidency; they, too, who, out of their slight, pioneer competencies, provided the first moneys for its financing, however inadequate their scheme of finance afterward proved to be.

Had they possessed a more extensive background of culture and greater riches, the heroic spirit in which they undertook the school would ere this have made it one of the great colleges of America.

There is a railroad switch in Davenport which will shunt a train, according as it is turned, to Kansas City or to Minneapolis. I often wonder what would have been my career had not the switch been turned which gave me a residence of seven years at Antioch.

Only at the end of the long perspective of forty-four years am I beginning to be adequately conscious of the advantage of the simple living and high thinking which I enjoyed there. It were not difficult to idealize my Antioch associations into something very rare and choice.

I might fittingly characterize that life as the first turn Ohio was taking in the groves of Academe ere yet industrialism had wrought its havoc of vast fortunes, with attendant cruel class distinctions.

In those groves, New England piety and conscience, in their most liberal and refined form, were deeply enshrined, blending there with trans-Appalachian hardiness and venturesomeness in their deepest and most broadly-minded evangelic guise. Under the currents of modern science which flowed with freedom and favor amid the roots of these sacred groves, I soon grew to discredit the argument evoked to uphold the ancient dogmas, but the deepest persuasions of my sub-conscious life still impelled me toward the ancestral virtues and pieties which underlay the dogmas. The spirit and practice of the people who were my associates in the beautiful Miami River village conspired to confirm me in this tendency.

Hence do I feel that I was signally fortuned in being able to make the shift from the ancient to the modern phraseology of those pieties and virtues while keeping a tight grip upon the heart within them. If science came to clothe them for me with an ampler and less threadbare robe, it was that I might love them more dearly and be the better prepared to champion more earnestly their substance as the very breath of life of our Republic.

But before I could enter with what I believe was the zeal native to the poetic qualities in my nature upon the championship, there was a long, hard road, both in the university and the study, to travel before I had surmounted the impediments to religious convictions which the early crude interpretations of the doctrine of evolution had reared.

The journey over that road I began at the Harvard Divinity School. And to show how largely I was still under the obsession of the agnostic school of evolutionists, I may repeat, that when I arrived at the Divinity Hall, I announced to both schoolmates and professors that I did not profess to believe anything, that I had come to the School to learn if there is anything to believe.

Did I deserve reproof that I made this avowal in all frankness? At least it is certain that I made the avowal not in an antagonistic, but in an honestly receptive attitude *toward* the teaching of the School.

(*To be continued.*)

Many that hate
Their kind are soon to know that without love
Their faith is but the perjured name of nothing.
I that have done some hating in my time
See now no time for hate; I that have left,
Fading behind me like familiar lights
That are to shine no more for my returning,
Home, friends, and honors,—I that have lost all else
For wisdom, and the wealth of it, say now
To you that out of wisdom has come love,
That measures and is of itself the measure
Of works and hope and faith.

The Three Taverns. —*Edwin Arlington Robinson.*

First Impressions of Germany

I came to Germany half expecting to find the streets of Berlin lined with soldiers, and to see evidences of social and political chaos and disintegration, if not to hear the angry muttering of actual armed revolt. Such news as the chief American newspapers had given me about Germany before my departure, together with the severity and relentlessness of the Allied demands upon the country had led inevitably to the formation of such an opinion. It has not taken me long to discover, however, that this was a remnant of the mental distortion of war psychology. I have been going about the capital of this once mighty empire, the scene of two revolutions within two years, with an incredulity approaching amazement. There are no evidences that I can discover,—certainly none upon the surface of things,—of social or political chaos. The streets of the capital are quiet; there is little traffic and no confusion; and in comparison with those of most American cities, the avenues of Berlin are immaculate. Some of the roadways are polished and shine like glass, and the statuary, of which there is much, is undisfigured and clean. The statue of Gen. von Steuben, presented to the German nation by the Congress of the United States in 1911, "in token of the unbroken friendship of the American people," stands, as it stood throughout the war, unshrouded and unchanged.

There are few crowds, even in the shopping district, and a mysterious and at times almost a depressing silence seems to pervade the air, and rest like a cloak upon the great city. It would be more nearly truth to say that the streets of Berlin are lined with beggars than with troops. There are no soldiers visible, save an occasional squad of tired looking men in green uniforms, marching somewhere to be "demobbed"; but the withered and pathetic figures of men and women and boys, selling matches or flowers in pleading voices to passers-by or begging from diners in the restaurants, or standing listlessly upon the corners and in the doorways of shuttered palaces, too tired and hopeless even to beg, are the most compelling and recurring objects of attention to the stranger. I have said to myself repeatedly: "Is it possible that this is Berlin? Surely I have not yet reached the metropolis!"

On the surface, at least, life flows on normally, albeit that it is subdued. The shops are open, and attractive wares are displayed in their windows, from perfumes to furniture and overcoats. Neatly dressed people—far more smartly attired than the crowds of London—pass up and down, gazing in the windows, apparently not doing very much of anything. It is impossible to believe that these well-groomed and kindly looking old gentlemen walking about or drinking their beer, and these good-natured young men sauntering down the avenues with their canes or whispering love by night upon a hundred doorsteps, could ever have been the bulwark or the brains of that military machine which earned the terror and the anathema of half the world!

On the surface, at least, everything is well-ordered, clean and comfortable and quiet. But at Cologne, the other morning, when I stepped into a small shop in a side-street to buy some sweet chocolate which I had seen displayed in the window, something happened which I shall not soon forget. "Guten Tag," said the young girl behind the counter, with a little bow as I entered. She gave me what I had asked for, for the price of 7.-mark the cake ($1.60 at the pre-war rate of exchange! now about 12c.) and while she was wrapping up the parcel,—not tying it, because she had no string,—a boy with the face of a worn-out man, wearing a threadbare coat and a shabby cap, opened the door, cautiously tip-toed to the counter, took off his cap, and, holding it in his hands, whispered some words to the maedchen. She turned with a tired smile, walked to the rear, and, a moment later, returned with four slices of dark-brown bread in her hand. These she gave to the boy without a word, and he crept out as quietly as he had come and disappeared down the street. The words of Elizabeth Barrett Browning came to my lips:

> The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
> But the young, young children, O my brothers,
> They are weeping bitterly!

I thought of the old men who had met in Paris, who called themselves the Peace Conference, and of the occupying armies in Cologne, and suddenly the child seemed to me to symbolize not only the Germany but the Europe of today. Dazed, hardly knowing what has happened or why, their bodies pinched and dwarfed with long months of privation and famine, a whole generation of European children is silently standing, hat in hand, before the counter of the Western world, begging for the bread which the arrogant cruelties of war and the heartless savageries of peace have denied it. What heart would not melt before such an appeal? What hand, having that with which to relieve the sufferings of these innocent ones, could withhold itself from giving them every assistance? What man, perceiving the magnitude of the misery upon this Continent, could confine the liberality of his offering by unimperative considerations of personal pleasure or profit? The childhood of Europe, against whom has been sinned a fearful crime, is crying to America for the food which will save it from a deformed and hideous existence or an early death.

March 2, 1921. BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

Sincerity First

The amazed Man from Mars wandering about the Earth observing the contradictions in civilization might well be pardoned if he affirmed that the greatest contradiction of all was within Christianity itself.

The Christian nations prepare for war. In their highest legislative bodies they calmly appropriate millions for the hideous warfare against women and children by means of poison gases.

Side by side with riches passing the power of man to measure crawls naked poverty. Mirth stifles the cries of the hungry. Babies die in increasing numbers as the wage rate goes down.

Men and women who owned wretched tenements, foul breeding places of disease and death, build on the high hills hospitals and sanitariums in vain attempt to destroy the monsters their own greed has created.

Men and even women are cruelly and cowardly lynched while the great masses go indifferently on their way. The temple and the slum stand side by side. The Christian prays but forgets to lay his gift upon the altar.

No wonder that the Man from Mars fails to understand! He asks for explanations and we have none to give. Two thousand years of Christianity; two thousand years of agony and sorrow and death and yet we have no answer to the question.

THE FIELD.

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

A SYMPOSIUM ON DISARMAMENT.

On January 20th Dr. Frederick Lynch, Educational Secretary of The Church Peace Union and of the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches, sent the following letter to over one hundred eminent men in the United States:

January 20, 1921.

Dear Sir:

The Church Peace Union has just set up a committee, composed of nine very representative men, to take up the study of the whole movement toward disarmament. We want very much, indeed, to get the thought of some of the representative and outstanding men in all walks of life that we may have a sort of symposium of the reaction to this movement to give to the public.

We should like to know your general thought on the question of disarmament; whether there is any possibility of the movement coming to fruition; what you think on the matter. Also, we should be glad to have your opinion on the two particular questions:

1. Whether the United States should call a conference of the Powers to take up the question of simultaneous limitation of armament or proportional disarmament?
2. If this were not possible, do you think the United States itself should lead?

The arguments which are being put up by those who are urging that the United States might lead in disarmament, regardless of what other nations do, are:

(1) That we have no enemies to guard against.

(2) That the other nations will follow our example.

Do you feel that there is any weight —in either of these arguments?

Yours sincerely,

FREDERICK LYNCH,
Educational Secretary.

The men were chosen from various walks of life—clergymen, editors, statesmen, senators, congressmen, publicists, educators and business men. In most cases their attitude toward this question was not known. At this writing eighty replies have been received. Of these eighty replies only ten were in the negative, and of these ten eight were as positive in their feeling that reduction of armament must come if there is to be permanent peace, but the writers felt that there was no hope of it except through the League of Nations or some organization of the nations whereby security could be assured so that nations would not feel that they were left at the mercy of other Powers.

All the letters, with the exception of eight, are emphatic in the desire that the United States should take immediate steps in calling a conference of the great Powers to consider the whole matter. Some of the writers felt that this might be the means of bringing the United States into the League of Nations, inasmuch as any agreements reached at such a conference would naturally be carried out by the League's Commission on Disarmament.

On the question of whether the United States should lead in reduction of armaments, providing the conference of the Powers proved impossible of accomplishment, the replies were not so unanimous. Several of the writers were not sure that it would be safe in the present unrest of the world; several were not sure that other Powers would follow. Some were afraid other Powers might take advantage of it.

The letters, as a whole, were very encouraging. They show a real interest in the question, and, more than that, they reveal a general and positive conviction that the world can not go on much longer under the present burden of armament. Not only does bankruptcy stare us in the face, but the certainty of future wars. There is also a profound conviction manifest that the United States, should it carry out the program of vast naval armament urged by some, would not only provoke other nations to enter upon great armament programs, but would become the chief menace to the peace of the world.

The New York *World* has been rendering great service to the cause of peace by its remarkable campaign along these lines. It has collected testimony from every source, and the testimony has been as unanimous for our nation leading in the movement looking toward limitation of armaments as that which we have collated. Several of our great military leaders have recently uttered the strongest pleas, notably General Pershing and General Bliss. The press of the nation has taken up the cause, and has been, with almost no exception, in favor of calling a conference. From England comes the same demand. The movement has penetrated the legislative halls of both England and America, and the Governments are seriously considering the situation.—*World Friendship.*

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Why ask it? It only irritates the comfortable and annoys the indifferent. And yet some men will be always repeating the question of the Man from Mars, "Why is it?"

O Lord, how long, how long must Thy children suffer? When can we look the Man from Mars in the face and be unashamed? We can only hope to begin to get ready to answer the question when we cease educating a generation of children in the gentle art of affirming what they do not believe. So long as we profess with our lips what we deny with our actions how can we even expect to blot out the awful contradiction between our professions of Christianity and our lives.

To admit, as we hold aloft the high ideals of the Nazarene, that we come far short of them, gives some hope that we may in some distant day approach in our living their wondrous beauty. But if we profess and claim that we are what we are not there is neither health nor hope in us.

So long as the church demands lip profession and cares only for the virtues of the market place it can have no part in the answer to the question. Let us frankly say we walk far, far from the Way of "The Son of Man." Let us admit that we are not what we profess to be, and then there will be some sign of spiritual renaissance in us.

The spectacle of thousands on thousands taking the name of Jesus on their lips and straightway forgetting Him is a terrible caricature of Christianity. To profess and solemnly pledge ourselves to do what we do not intend to do is mockery of all that is highest and holiest.

Let the church hold high the banners of the Faith! But leave to the individual the measure of his attainment of the Ways of Life. To say we are something that we are not breeds hypocrisy. It is from this trap of lies and deceits that we must escape if we are to blot out the contradiction between our professions and our deeds. The tearing down of the standard of profession and raising that of endeavor will at least start us on our way. ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

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